

1/1) A Weird Little Ditty

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Summary: Just a weird idea of how Hermione might spend a night of her pregnancy. A HHR. Sorry, I accidently deleted it before. =) This is the original version.

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A Weird little ditty.

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****Author's Note:****I was in a weird mood when I wrote this, so don't blame me for any weirdness.

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I stood at the window of our apartment at Hogwarts. When we were finally seventh years, and when I was Head-Girl, & Harry was Head-Boy, Dumbledore told us of an ancient tradition:

"All seventh years at Hogwarts got an apartment that they could share with their brother, sister, best friend or whatever else as long as the other person/s were also in seventh year."

But in most cases, you shared with your boyfriend or girlfriend, as it was in the case of Harry & myself. I smiled at the thought. Ron shared his with his girlfriend who was who else but, you guessed it, Lavender Brown.

But that was a long time ago. Now I was 28 and so was my husband. I was Head Transfiguration teacher, and Harry was the Care of Magical Creatures teacher.

I looked down at my waist where Harry's arms were wrapped around protectively me. I looked up at Harry's face, & looked at his scar.

He smiled at me. I smiled back. A little kick came from my stomach.

"Hey there, little one. But you knew we hadn't forgotten about you surely ". Harry said to my pregnant stomach.

I laughed. "The little one just wants attention. Just like their father...."

I said to Harry, who was grinning.

"Just like their mother as well actually....." Harry said. I playfully punched him.

I stood there with Harry, the father of my un-born child, & was gently rocked to sleep.

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End
file.